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O, why does my baby shriek so loud?—
O, take, O take him to your breast!"

"O, Ladye dear, nor breast, nor pap,
Your little son will take from me;
O, Ladye dear, come quickly down,
And dandle him upon your knee."

"The night is dark, the fire is out,
No lamp burns in my western tower,
Steep are the stairs, I cannot come down,
I must abide till morning hour."

"O, Ladye, you have three mantles fine,
With diamonds deck'd, of lustre bright,
Take one of them, come to your child,
The mantle fine shall give you light."

Then down she came, that Ladye fair,
And only thought of her baby's harm,
But ere the lowest step she reach'd,
False Lambkin caught her by the arm.

"O, spare my life," the Ladye cry'd,
"My gold and jewels I'll give to thee,
O, spare my life till morning hour,
My fair young daughter thy bride shall be."

"Your gold and jewels shall never be mine,
No daughter of yours my bride shall be,
But your daughter the silver basin shall hold,
To catch your blood while it flows so free."

"O, daughter, daughter, come not down—
O, watch from the turret, my daughter dear;

O, leave not thy bower till morning light,
For then thy father will be here."

The young daughter staid till morning light,

Then she heard her father rap loud at the ring,

And, oh, there was none but his daughter dear

To open the castle and let him in.

"O, father, father, blame not me,
False nurse, and false Lambkin, the castle did win,

O, father, father, cover your eyes—
O, my dear father, do not come in!"

"For blood is about you wherever you turn,

And blood has stain'd your castle hall,

Your little son in his cradle lies dead,

And my dearest mother lies dead by the wall!"

He spoke not a word, he shed not a tear,
For his heart it was burning, his brain it was dry!

He look'd on his Ladye's clay-cold cheek,
He look'd on his baby's death-shut eye.

He hasted away, and wild was his speed,
His men followed fast to the pathless wood,

And there false Lambkin soon they found,
And his hands were red with that Ladye's blood.

Oh, high was the gallows where false Lambkin hung,
And fierce blaz'd the fire on the mountain's side,

And the false, false nurse was burnt in that fire,
And the wind her ashes blew far and wide.

SONG.

ERIN, thy harp's wild-warbl'd air,
Can every passion move;
Can sink the soul in deep despair,
Or soothe with dreams of love.
No trillings of Italian song,
Can such a charm impart;
To thy sweet harp those strains belong,
That touch the feeling heart.

More plaintive is thy native lay,
Than is the evening breeze,
That, at the close of summer's day,
Complains among the trees.
Once more that sweetly pensive air,
To sooth my secret grief;
It draws the sigh, it steals the tear,
And gives my heart relief.

DION.

EPITAPHIUM SUPER LAPIDEM DEFOS-
SUM IN CIMETERIO KILKEA CAS-
TELLO VICINO INSCRIPTUM.*

VIVO ego jam morior miraris verbula
lector

In terris morior-vita secunda polo est
Vita nihil prima est est et mihi pompa se-
cunda

Vita prior dolus est vita secunda decus
Ecce Geraldino fueram conjuncta Gulielmo

* This epitaph is printed without stops in the latin part, to make it more exactly resemble the original.

Ecce Keatinga pio juncta Joanna viro
Cæcilie conjux clara de stripe Geidon
Junctus erat qui tres coudimur hoc tumulo*

Idem Anglice redditum.

EPITAPH INSCRIBED ON A STONE†
DUG UP, IN THE BURYING-GROUND
NEAR KILKEA CASTLE.

I DIE to live, you wonder at my words,
I die on earth, to live again in bliss:
My first was nought, my second life affords
A pomp, my former was mere show, but
this

All beauty and unmixed glory is.
Lo! I, Joanna Keatinge, had been wed
To pious William, who hight Geraldine
That had been partner in Cæcilia's bed,
Cæcilia of Geidon's noble line:
And we three rest within this tomb's
confine.

RICCIARDO, translator.

SELECTED POETRY.

To the Proprietors of the Belfast Magazine.

MEETING lately with the following
lines in an old book which is very rare, I
send them, in the hope you will deem them
worthy of insertion. S.M.S.

THE fountains smoake, and yet no flames
they shoue;
Starres shine all night, though undis-
cerned by day;
And trees doe spring, yet are not seen
to growe;
And shadowes moove, although they
seeme to stay;
In winter's woe is buried summer's blisse;
And love, loves most when love most se-
cret is.

The stillest streames descrie the greatest
deepe;
The clearest skie is subject to a shower;
Conceit's most sweete when as it seeme's
to sleepe;
And fairest dayes doe in the morning
lower;

* De tempore quo inscriptum fuerit hoc
epitaphium lapis silet.

† There is no date on the stone.

The silent groves sweete nymphs they
cannot misse:
For love, loves most where love most se-
cret is.

The rarest jewels hidden virtue yield;
The sweete of traffique is a secret gain;
The yeere once old doth shew a barren
field;
And plants seeme dead, and yet they
spring again;
Cupid is blind: the reason why, is this:
Love loveth most where love most secret
is.

*The following Ode, written by Mr. Mont-
gomery, was recited at the last Anniversary
of the Lancasterian Institution.*

"Wisdom is the principal thing, there-
fore get wisdom; and with all thy get-
ting, get understanding."

Proverbs, chap. 4., verse 7.

OF all that live, and move, and breathe,
Man only rises o'er his birth;
He looks above, around, beneath,
At once the heir of Heaven and earth:
Force, cunning, speed, which nature gave
The various tribes throughout her plan,
Life to enjoy, from death to save,
—These are the lowest powers of man.
From strength to strength he travels on,
He leaves the lingering brute behind;
And when a few short years are gone,
He soars—a disembodied mind:
Beyond the grave, with hopes sublime,
Destined a nobler course to run,
In his career the end of time
Is but eternity begun!
What guides him in his high pursuit,
Opens, illumines, cheers his way,
Discerns the Immortal from the brute,
God's image from the mould of clay?
'Tis knowledge:—Knowledge to the soul
Is power, and liberty, and peace;
And while celestial ages roll,
The joys of knowledge shall increase.
Hail to the glorious plan! that spread
This light with universal beams,
And through the human desert led
Truth's living, pure, perpetual streams.
—Behold a new creation rise,
New spirit breath'd into the clod,
Where'er the voice of Wisdom cries,
"Man, know thyself, and fear thy God!"